What thou in ſecret ſeeſt muſt all men know?
For ſilence, aske a bribe from her faire treaſure,
Shee'le grant thee that ſhall make thee ſwell with pleaſure.
The god whoſe face is ſmoog'd with ſmoke and fire,
Placeth about their bed a net of Wiar,
So quaintly made, that it deceives the eye
Streight (as he feignes) to *Lemnos* he muſt hie?
The Lovers meete, where he the traine hath ſet,
And both lie faſt catcht in a wiery net:
He calls the gods, the Lovers naked ſprall
And cannot riſe, the Queene of Love thewes all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weepes, neither can flinch,
Grappled they lie, in vaine they kicke and winch:
Their legges are one within another tide,
Their hands ſo faſt that they can nothing hide:
Amongſt theſe high Spectators, one by chance
That ſaw them naked in this pitfall dance:
Thus to himſelfe ſaid: If it tedious be
Good god of Warre, beſtow thy place on me.

The Hiſtory how the Mynotaure *was begot.*

IDa of Cædars, and tall Trees ſtand full,
Where fed the glory of the Heard (a Bull
Snow-white) ſave twixt his hornes one ſpot there grew,
Save that one ſtaine, he was of milky hew.
This faire Steare did the Heyfers of the Groves,
Deſire to beare as Prince of all the Droves.
But moſt *Paſiphae* with adulterous breath,

Envies

Envies the wanton Heyfers to the death.
Tis ſaid, that for this Bull the doting laſſe,
Did uſe to crop young boughes, and mow fre
Nor was the Amorous *Cretan* Queene a fear
To grow a kinde Companion to the Heard:
Thus through the Champion ſhe is madly bo
And a wilde Bull, to *Mynos* gives the horne
Tis not for bravery he can love or loath thee
Then why *Paſiphae* doſt thou richly cloth th
Why ſhouldſt thou thus thy face and lookes
What makeſt thou with thy glaſſe ordering th
Valeſſe thy glaſſe could make thee ſeeme a
But how can hornes grow on that tender bro
If *Mynos* pleaſe thee, no Adulterer ſeeke the
Or if thy husband *Mynos* doe not like thee,
But thy laſcivious thoughts are ſtill increas'd
Deceive him with a man, not with a beaſt:
Thus by the Queene the wilde Woods are fr
And leaving the Kings bed, ſhe is contented
To uſe the Groves, borne by the rage of min
Even as a ſhip with a full Eaſterne winde:
Some of theſe Strumpet-Heyfers the Queene
Her ſmoaking Altars their warme bloods in
Whilſt by the ſacrificing Prieſt ſhe ſtands,
And gripes their trembling entrailes in her
At length, the Captaine of the Heard beguil
With a Cowes skin, by curious Art compil'd
The longing Queene obtaines her full deſir
And in her infants birth bewraies the Sire.

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